

WARREN
MAGAZINE

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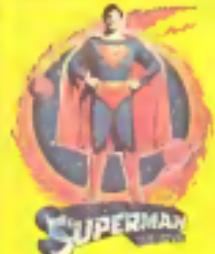
CREEPY

CREEPY
110

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AUGUST 1979



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of SUPERMAN'S
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CREEPY

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25 TAKE YOUR CHILD, PLEASE! That's what the Barkers wanted to tell the adopted Dwayne's natural parents. But Dwayne was their little boy now, for better or worse.

33 THE DEMON HATER The mine disaster was inexplicable. Stranger still was the reason Robert Hale had been summoned there. Almost as weird as the bizarre being he found!

41 HORROR IS A HIGHRISE The new highrise apartment building stood among Manhattan's skyscrapers, a monumental testimony to humanity's colossal ability . . . and its greed!

51 A KNIGHTMARE to remember. It seemed like a bad dream the night the demon Myphilio entered the young princess's bedroom without. Would it be her nightmare . . . or the damons?

57 CLOCKMAKER Your employer is a clockmaker, a precise, ruthless genius. Then you hear him whirring and ticking and you know . . . that he is his own brilliant clockwork creation!

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Dear Uncle Creepy, MEDIA HORROR: A TRUE WINNER OR A WASTE OF INK?

CREEPY #107 was a winner! The stories were weird but very good.

My one complaint is that you didn't give *Buz Vaultz* much room. Four pages of his great art just isn't enough! The guy should be encouraged to work on longer stories with abundant dialogue! "The World From Rough Stones" took me less than a minute to read!

My favorite of the issue was "Stainless Steel Savior," Leo Deranowski's art was very well rendered and I was shocked when the robot, JS-146, got his head blown away. I'm sure I'll remember this tale for some time to come!

I was glad to see the *Warren Awards* and happy to note that there will be more covers from the great Rich Corben!

And, speaking of covers, *Romas Kukalis* is excellent! He really knows his stuff! More of his work, also!

As I said before, **CREEPY** #107 was a winner!

MICHAEL WISE
Boston, N.J.

#107 was part of an unannounced contest, right? You wanted to see how many people could guess the artists and writers of all of the stories?

Some I guessed, others, I'm sure I missed, though the credits on the contents page gave me some clues.

I'm not going to embarrass myself by listing my ideas, but I am looking forward to finding out who wrote and drew what.

"Quirk" by the way was my favorite, followed by "Family Ties" and "Rubicon".

Congratulations, whoever you are!

ALEX RUDNOV
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I've been collecting **CREEPY** since I was eight years old. Even though **CREEPY** is the best horror magazine around, there are one or two things you can do that might improve it. One is add the fantastic art work of Benji Wrightson. I've looked all over for him, and he doesn't seem to be in the more recent issues of **CREEPY**.

Another improvement would be a color story in every issue. While your black and white work is fantastic, you should let some of it be enhanced by color. That would allow you to keep pace with Heavy Metal and the other color magazines.

STEPHAN MICENIC
Parsippany, N.J.

"Rubicon" was magnificent, even with, or maybe because of, the play of words between "Lucifer" and "Philosopher." Great story! Lots of impact!

JEFF NORTH
Queens, N.Y.

"Family Ties" was the old sci-fi/intelligent animals theme done to perfection.

As the humans, who were not able to communicate with the new telepathic order, leave the earth, determined to "cleanse" it by destroying every living thing on it. Dog-wots faithfully follow that return.

Never has there been a more poignant ending! I wanted to scream after the people, "Wait! Come back! You're making a terrible mistake!" which rarely happens at the end of a comic story... unless it is written by Bruce Jones.

And this was a great one!

LTHN JONES

San Jose, Calif.

"Quirk" was one of the most enjoyable, good natured horror and/or sci-fi stories I've ever read! Great story! Great art! Great characters!

CHRIS JOHNSON
Los Angeles, Calif.

"Mindquake" was totally berserk! I loved it!

BILL ANDERSON
Boston, Mass.

All right, you guys. What's the big idea? **CREEPY** #107 was a very good magazine except for one thing.

Except for the art by *Buz Vaultz* and *Morone Casares* (who signed "The Rubicon"), I had no idea who did any of the art or writing. I've been a reader for some time but I can't recognize every artist or writer by their style alone.

So let's have those credit lines where they belong on the first page of the stories.

RON SEDTER
Allentown, Pa.

I just read **CREEPY** #107 and it was pretty good but the best stories were "Family Ties" and "Stainless Steel Savior." The latter almost made me cry.

"Quirk" was good but "Mind Quake" was one of those dull everyday heroic epics. "The World From Rough Stones" was too short and "Rubicon" was the pest.

MARREN SAVION
Gulfport, Miss.

CREEPY #107 had a magnificent cover! *Romas Kukalis* is proving a fine choice for cover artist. I hope he stays around for a long while.

My favorite part of the issue was definitely "The Rubicon," by *Morone Casares*. Besides his usual great art, the story was of unusually high calibre and touched on the theological in a way that was totally original. I'm intrigued by the many stories of late that deal with religious beliefs in terms of scientific speculation but none, I think, have come like "Rubicon".

"Stainless Steel Savior" was an interesting parable of sorts. It doesn't really matter what caused JS-146 to suddenly begin preaching. What matters is that he did and people listened to him. The supreme irony of the story occurs after he's killed—people, seeing that he's "only a lousy robot," ask themselves, "How could we have been so blind?" and turn away from him and all he stood for? Their blindness is not that they listened to the wisdom of a mere machine, but that they forgot all their own efforts to achieve peace. This simply proves that the "Metal Messiah" had been right to worry that the peace on paper was not necessarily peace in men's hearts.

"Quirk" was the non-theological highlight of the issue! I'm guessing that *Bob Twayne* wrote this one... and I'm sure *Terry Austin* did the art.

By the way, the credit lines were left off of all the stories. Was this an accident?

HERNAN KUJAWA
Camden, N.J.

It certainly was accidental, *Henry*, and we apologize profusely to the writers, artists and readers, alike.

As you guessed, *Morone Casares* did the art on "Rubicon."

"Family Ties" was written by *Bruce Jones*, art by *Val Mayent*.

"The World From Rough Stones" was, indeed, rendered by *Buz Vaultz*; story was by *Wendell White*.

"Stainless Steel Savior" was scripted by *Lauren Wren*, art (caused you stress, I know) by *Leo Deranowski*.

You were half-right on "Quirk." *Terry Austin* did ink the story, pen-and-ink by *Walt Simonson*. *Bob Twayne*, as you suggested, wrote the "memorable" tale.

Finally, "Mindquake" was rendered by an artist new to **CREEPY**—*Pizzaro*. Story by the inimitable *Albuquerque Redgrave*!

Classics at their own right is the way I described **CREEPY** when I opened my very first **CREEPY** magazine.

My first issue was the robot issue #104, and now I'm on my way to collecting all the back issues. I can get my hands on 'em, I'm a real art fanatic and the easiest way to get me to buy a **CREEPY** is to print a dynamite cover. And that's why I bought #104. Once I got home, I found the scripts were exceptional and that most of them are even masterpieces.

It has only been two weeks and already I've managed to get my hands on eleven issues. My favorites have been #104 & #59. *Rich Corben* and *Buz Vaultz* are two sensational artists, but I would like to see a few more *Fracta* reprints.

All in all, I'm with you to the end.

GARRY MALZAHN
Winona, Minn.

Looking at your past and present issues, it seems that there has been very little of Uncle **CREEPY** recently. What I'm trying to say is that in your old issues **CREEPY** sold each story. If a person was to buy a **CREEPY** from me they would look at the interior page and see "Dear Uncle **CREEPY**", and that person would not know what your magazine was all about. Uncle **CREEPY** is the symbol of your magazine and you are letting him drop out. I think your magazine is just perfect, but Uncle **CREEPY** always made the stories seem more frightening, and at the end he gave them a funny twist.

JEFF MASON
Lincoln, Neb.

CREEPY #107 has got to be one of the best **CREEPY**'s ever. Every story was good, the best one probably being "The Stainless Steel Savior." The cover was one of the best ever.

At this point *Romas Kukalis'* **CREEPY** #106 sword and sorcery cover is still my favorite. I hope you will have more covers like it and more stories like those appearing in **CREEPY** #107!

JOE GIBSON
Brisbane, Ga.

Dear Uncle Creepy,

c/o Warren Publishing Co
150 East 23rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

FOG SHIELDS THE NEW JERSEY
COASTLINE LIKE A PROTECTIVE WRATH...
AND WITHIN IT, THE PRIVATEER WAITS...

IT'S THE
MERCHANTMAN
RIGHT ON
SCHEDULE...
AN' HEADIN'
TOWARD US

WATCH YOURSELF,
SIMON M'BOY...
THESE TORIES
CAN GET MEAN!

DON'T WORRY
'BOUT ME,
CAP'N PIKE.

THEN TAKE
HER LADS!

WITH UNFLINCHING SWIFTNESS THE PRIVATEERS SWARM OVER THE BRITISH SUPPLY
SHIP... CUTTERBOATS JUMP AND SPLASH...
MUSKETS EXPLODE INTO FLESH...

PRIVATE
MENINH

BLAM!

SURPRISE,
MATEYS!

ANOTHER FAT
TRANSPORT THAT
WON'T MAKE NEW
YORK HARBOR

Snapper

DARKNESS AND MIST CLING TO A NEARBY BAY WHERE THE PRIVATEERS LOAD THEIR CONTRABAND ONTO BARGES...

CREW DEAD.. SHIP SCUTTLED! THE ROYAL NAVY'LL BE AFTER US TONIGHT FOR SURE!

AHE DANNY.. LET'S SET THOSE BARGES LOADED. WE MUST BE IN THE PINE MARSHES FOR THE SWINE PICK UP OUR TRAIL.

AN SIMON LAD.. YE DID WELL ON YER FIRST TRIP OUT.

THANKS, CAPN.

THE BARGES WEND THEIR WAY INLAND ALONG A FOG-SHROUDED INLET... THROUGH A PINE FOREST SO THICK THAT THE MOON SHINES DOWN IN A BLUE-GREEN HAZE...

Y' THINK THE PINEYS HAVE SPOTTED US, YET, CAPN?

AHE, LADS, IT'S PINEY TERRITORY. THEY BEEN HERE SINCE THE FIRST COLONISTS CAME. OUTCASTS OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENTS. THEY HAVE THEIR OWN CODE.., ANCEST IS RAMPANT.. AN' NO DINES BOTHERED 'EM FOR GENERATIONS...

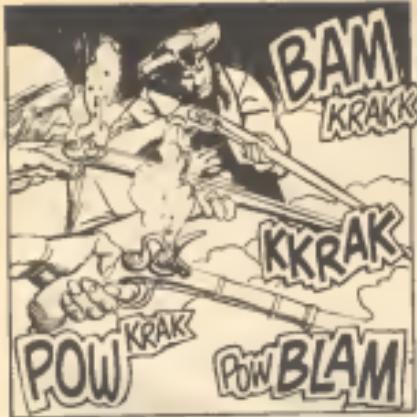
PINEYS...?

THAT IS, TILL WE DECIDED THE PINE SWAMPS WAS A GOOD ESCAPE ROUTE T'NORTHERN JERSEY... IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE BRITISH TO FOLLOW.

THE PINEYS AINT HAPPY 'BOUT ALL THE ACTIVITY WE'VE BROUGHT...

HO... ZEKE SEE SOMETHIN'...







DAWN IS
STILL SEVERAL
HOURS AWAY.
AS CAPTAIN
PIKE AND
COMPANY POLE
A HEAVILY
LOADED BARGE
DOWN THE
INLET.

MAN! BY THE TIME
THEY KNEW WE WERE
ABOARD, OUR MUSKETS
WERE AT THEIR BACKS
AND NOW THE BRITISH
ARE ON OUR TAILS.
PUSH, LADS. PUSH!

PIKE...
LOOK!

“SIMON!”

**“RUN...RUN!
ABANDON THE
BARGE...AND RUN
...WHILE YOU CAN...”**

**“WHAT? ARE
YOU MAD SON?
THE BRITISH ARE
RIGHT BEHIND US.”**

**“ABANDON
IT, SIR... OR...
WE ALL DIE!”**

**“ALL RIGHT LADS...
HE LOOKS LIKE HE
MEANS IT. LET'S GO!
QUICK... INTO THE
WOODS.”**

FROM THE THICKET, THE PRIVATEERS WATCH AS THE BRITISH NAVY PATROL SPOTS THE ABANDONED BARGE BOBBING ON THE CURRENT.

**CAREFUL...
MEN. COULD
BE A TRAP...”**

**“HEY...
I HEAR...”**

**“SO MUCH
FOR THIS
NIGHT'S WORK.”**

**SIG
JONAH!”**

**“WHAT THE
DEVIL...”**

**“I-IT
CAN'T BE...”**

RRAAHHRRR

THE PRIVATEERS WATCH
AS THE GIANT TURTLE
TOTALLY DECIMATES THE
BRITISH VESSEL...

BIG JONAH... HE
BEEN HERE FOREVER!
THE PINES FED IM
... NOW THEY DEAD.
JONAH HUNGRY

LET'S
GET OUT
OF HERE...

DAYS OF FORCED INACTIVITY
AND ANGER PASS AS THE
SURVIVING PRIVATEERS SIT
STARING GLUMLY INTO THEIR
FIRE AT A WOODLAND CAMPSITE

WE AIN'T MADE A RUN
IN THREE DAYS... AN' THE
RECOATS ARE COMIN' IN THE
WOODS THINKIN' I'VE KILLED
THAT NAVAL PATROL!

WHAT DO
WE DO,
CAP'N PIKE?

NO GODDAM
SNAPPER'S GONNA
MAKE A FOOL OUTTA
ME... KILL IT!

AN' I KNOW
JUST HOW TO
DO IT...

LATE THE NEXT NIGHT...

HIT 'IM HIGH
IN THE LEGS... WHERE
IT'S SOFT!

THEN I'LL PUT THIS
HARPOON R'GHT
THROUGH THE EYE
... INTO HIS BRAIN!

GET
READY,
LADS!

HERE
HE
COMES!

THE HUNGER-
MADDENED
REPTILE THUNDERS
UP FROM THE
SLIMY MIRE...

...AND THE PRIVATEERS
PLUNGE THEIR HARPOONS
INTO HIS ANCIENT FLESH...

HISSSSS

LET 'IM
HAVE IT!

...BUT THE DARING GAMBIT
DOES NOT SLOW THE MONSTER
DOWN FOR EVEN A HEARTBEAT...

...INDEED IT ONLY MAKES
HIM ANGRIER!

RRRAHRRRR!!

I- IT DIDN'T
WORK, PIKE...
YOU FOOL!

WAASH!

CHOMP

IN DESPERATION, PIKE TURNS TO THE MILITIA FOR HELP...

"AN' THAT'S THE STORY.
N-NOTHIN' CAN KILL BIG JONAH...
WITHOUT THE MILITIA'S HELP,
WE'RE LOST!"

"NO, PIKE. EVEN IF I KNEW WHAT
YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT, I CAN'T SEND A
GARRISON INTO THE PINE BARRENS."

"BESIDES...THANKS T'YOUR
HANDWORK, THERE'S A BRITISH
MAN-O'-WAR PATROLLING THE
COAST. I NEED EVERY MAN HERE!"

"A
WARRSHIP
EH? HMM..."

THAT NIGHT.... PIKE AND HIS CREW ROW OUT TO SEA IN A 12-FOOT LONG WHALE-BOAT. AHEAD IS AN OILING WARSHIP...

IF THIS WORKS AS WELL AS YER LAST IDEA, WE'LL ALL BE O-

QUIET! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN'! THE LAST THING THAT WARSAW EXPECTS IS TO BE BOARDED THEMSELVES!

WHEW! HURRY, LADS... POWDER, CANNON SHOT, BOMBS... ANYTHING EXPLOSIVE YE CAN FIND ON DECK!

SOON DEEP IN THE FINE BARGE BNS...

MAKE SURE THE 'MERCHANDISE' IS SECURED TO THE BARGE, LADS... AND GET OFF! THAT SCARE CROW'LL CONVINCE 'IM SOMEONES ABOARD AND LURE HIM TO ATTACK!

YOU'VE SACRIFICED YOUR HAT IN A GOOD CAUSE, SIR!

LISTEN! HEAR SOMETHIN' T HURRY AND LIGHT THE FUSE!

SIMON, MOVE!

HSSSSSS

HE'S GOING FOR IT! HE'S OPENING HIS MOUTH TO TAKE A BIG BITE... AND WHEN HE DOES...



THE NEXT EVENING AT THE NEW BRUNSWICK TVERN,
A VICTORY CELEBRATION GETS UND'R WAY!

WASHINGTON'S TAKEN THE BRITISH
AT YORKTOWN, PIKE THE TORIES'LL BE
FLEEIN' NEW YORK HARBOR LIKE RATS...

PRIVATEERIN'
DAYS ARE
OVER!

THEY'RE OVER
ANYWAY,
COLONEL?

WHAT D'YE
MEAN, SIR? BIG
JONAH'S DEAD!

HE IS THAT LAD BUT
I SPY SOMETHIN'
BACK IN THE SWAMP
EGGS... TURTLE EGGS...
READY TO HATCH.
Y'SEE, IT APPEARS
BIG JONAH WAS A
FEMALE TURTLE!

"AN' THE WAY I FIGURE IT THE MAN-O-WAR PATROL THAT'S BOUND
T'BE LOOKIN' FOR US... SHOULD ARRIVE JUST IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST!"

LATER, AS NIGHT FADES TO DAWN...

NO STOMACH FOR
PARTYIN', LAD? THEY'LL
BE CELEBRATIN' THE
DEATH OF THEIR
"MONSTER" ALL DAY...

NO STOMACH
FOR PRIVATEERIN'
I GUESS, COLONEL...
STILL...

SOMETHIN' PIKE
SAID...KEEPS
GHAWIN' AT ME.
SOMETHIN'ABOUT
THEM EGGS...AN'
BIG JONAH...
DON'T MAKE
SENSE...

MY GOD...IF BIG
JONAH WAS A FEMALE
...AN' LAID EGGS...
THERE'S GOT TO BE...

A
MALE!

C-COLONEL...DO
YOU HEAR THAT ROAR-
IN' BACK THERE? IT
DON'T SOUND LIKE
THE HAPPY SHOUTS
OF CARDUSING PRIMA-
TEERS... DOES IT?

AND AT THE TAVERN, PIKE'S PRIVATEERING
DAYS ARE DEFINITELY OVER.

AAIEEE!

EEAAGH!

END

THE COMIC BOOKS

by Joe Brancatelli

THE CORPORATE MAD

Quite simply, the history of the American comic-book industry begins with Max Gaines, in 1934, he engineered the production of *Famous Funnies*, the first commercial comic book ever published. Four years later, he convinced a reluctant and unenthusiastic Harry Donenfeld to publish *Superman*, the first great comic-book character, in *Action #1*. He and Donenfeld later founded the old All-American comics line, the company which first published *Wonder Woman*, *The Flash*, *Green Lantern*, *The Atom* and *Hawkman*. Before he died, Gaines founded still another comics house, Educational Comics (EC), publishers of an attractive, though failing, line of children's titles.

One person who has had a greater influence on comics than Max Gaines, however, is the old man's son, Bill. The younger Gaines took over EC after his father's death, renamed it Entertaining Comics, and published the "New Trend" horror titles. To this day, their financial and artistic levels of accomplishment have not been matched. Gaines, the younger also became the unwitting founder of the Comics Code. He and Harvey Kurtzman founded *Mad*, the first truly adult comic book. After the impeccably brilliant Kurtzman departed, Gaines and Al Feldstein turned *Mad* into a children's humor title and it has become the richest, most famous, most profitable and most influential comic magazine ever published.

But beyond all of that, Bill Gaines stands alone as the model of the truly great, truly responsible comic-book publisher. *Mad* has always had an unshaking respect for its readers and its staff. *Mad* magazine has never ac-

cepted advertising. *Mad* magazine has never merchandised itself or licensed its name to money-hungry, gadget-crazed profiteers. Gaines could have prospered beyond anyone's wildest imagination if he had done any or all of those things, but he steadfastly refused.

Moreover, the *Mad* staffers have always been treated like human beings. Gaines, The Patriarch, made sure of that. In a field notorious for indescribably poor payment rates, the *Mad* workers have always been fairly compensated. They were paid reprint fees decades before the rest of the workers in the comic-book industry even thought to ask for them.

Most of all, though, Gaines never went corporate, opting instead to keep *Mad* lean and familial. Conglomerates and their cold, institutionalized bureaucracies turned him off. Even after he sold *Mad* to a new owner—and the new owner sold *Mad* again and the newest owners went conglomerates—Gaines kept running the operation his own way. No matter what the conglomerates wanted—even Warner Communications, *Mad*'s present parent firm—Gaines always considered his readers and his employees first. If it wasn't good for them, he wouldn't do it and to hell with Warner or any of the other bosses. If "they," the honchos, didn't like the way he ran the business he had sold them, well then "they" could fire him. Gaines insisted.

But none of the "theyes" ever fired Gaines because "they" knew *Mad* was a goldmine. And Gaines knew how to keep the mine producing.

Suddenly, however, everything is beginning to change. For the first time since *Mad* magazine started almost three decades ago, circulation had dropped slightly. Selling

the opportunity to meddle destructively in another business it bought, not created, Warner is getting tough with Bill Gaines. Warner, it is clear, after years of having things Gaines' way, is going to have things its way—the corporate way—no matter what or who goes.

The first hint came in February, when Parker Brothers, the game manufacturers, announced plans to market "The Mad Game," with approval from *Mad* magazine. *Mad*, Parker said gleefully, even agreed to allow the game to be advertised in the October issue. The game itself isn't all that bad, but it's not the kind of monstrously important item that merits smashing three decades worth of sound operating procedure.

The big bomb didn't fall until late April, however. Warner Bros., another Warner Communications subsidiary, announced it will make a \$6 million motion picture allegedly based on *Mad* magazine. Titled *Mad*, the movie will be produced by Fred Weintraub, a producer who freely admits he tried, and failed, to get the rights to do a *Mad* film eight years ago. Now, however, *Mad*'s precious no-merchandising policy will be jettisoned to allow Warner's to make a movie aimed at capturing the same audience that went to see the National Lampoon-Universal Pictures *Animal House* film last year.

The Warner people have a quick, we-really-didn't-sell-out-*Mad* retort, of course. *Mad* has the approval rights to the film's shooting script, they claim. But approving the shooting script means nothing if you don't have control over the final cut of the actual filmed version—and the Warner people know it.

There's more, of course, although none of it has been handled about publicly. Gaines, The Patriarch is suddenly under intense pressure to go corporate with *Mad*'s staff and policies. Warner wants the legendary "Mad Trips" to stop immediately. Warner says Gaines shouldn't take his staff on vacations every year, a practice he has followed religiously since 1960, because it simply isn't in the corporate interest. No matter that *Mad* creators who could earn much more elsewhere stay with the magazine because of the trip.

Gaines' reprint agreement with artists, all verbal, must be contractualized, Warner says, for the good of the corporation. No matter that the informal atmosphere has kept *Mad* operating more efficiently than any other magazine of its size. Everything, Warner has been telling Gaines, has to be done the Warner way.

G

Warner, on the other hand, has so much more going for it. It did the same corporate number on DC—in the early 1970s—and ran the world's leading comic-book producer into the ground in no time flat. And, lest we forget, Warner is the corporation.

AS HE WAS SAYING

My column on page 17 of *Eerie* #102 quotes Bill Dubay as saying Lee Elias' 26-page Rock strip was "so nice, I don't want to make it a two-part, so I'll hold it for a while." On pages five through 16 in the same issue of *Eerie*, however, is part one of the Elias job.

There's a moral there somewhere, folks, but damned if I know what it is.

SCI-FI FULL COLOR POSTERS



THE ALLIGATOR Big 20" x 28" full color poster of a 1000 pound alligator getting a taste of the marshmallows! #20001110.00



THE GOLDEN AMAZON Boris Vallejo strikes again in this 20" x 28" full color poster of a bikini-clad barbarian queen! #20001600.00



THE SCARLET DEMON Boris Vallejo strikes again in this 20" x 28" full color poster of a demon from the depths of hell! #20001600.00

POSTERS FROM BEYOND SPACE, POSTERS FROM BEYOND TIME, POSTERS FROM BEYOND MAN'S IMAGINATION!



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THOSE WHO WATCH An enormous alien craft hovers mysteriously above a multi-colored & lovely world, a sun rises in a sapphire sky! Big 22" x 35"! All in full color! #20000110.00



EARTH ENSLAVED The Earth is engulfed by a matrix of golden pentagonal! An awakening which brings our childhood to an end! Big 22" x 35"! All in full color! #20000110.00



PLANET OF THE BLIND Blasting off from the stellar central spaceport, what awaits in the voids of star meeting? Home! Big 22" x 35"! All in full color! #20000012.00

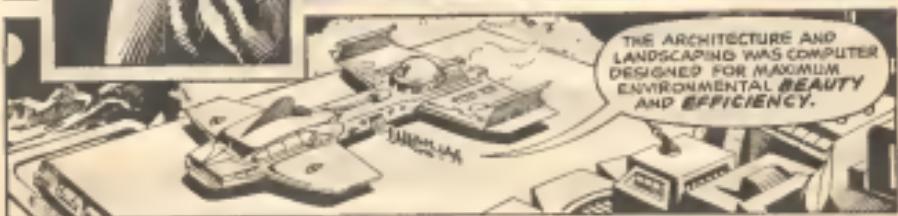


JEWEL OF JAHN A diamond yellow sun set in an alien sky is eclipsed by a spaceship of unknown origin and purpose! Gosh! Big 22" x 35"! All in full color! #20000122.00



BRAND WAVE A beautiful visualization from Paul Anderson's book in which the I.O. of every living thing on Earth does greater! Big 22" x 35"! All in full color! #20000122.00

SUNSET FARMS



IT WAS A CAREFULLY WORDED
SPEECH BUT I WASN'T IMPRESSED

AS A CORPORATION EXECUTIVE,
I MYSELF HAD MANIPULATED
WORDS, AS EASILY AS MEN, BUT
FOLLOWING ADVICE OF A POLI-
TICIAN FROM A BYGONE ERA,
HAD SPOKEN SOFTLY AND
CARRIED A BIG STICK.

RACHET HERE WAS MY STICK, HE WAS
MY HIT MAN, NOT MUCH IN THE I.Q.
DEPARTMENT BUT HE WAS UNQUESTION-
ABLY LOYAL WHEN I GAVE THE NOD, HE
PULLED THE TRIGGER AND NEITHER OF
US REGRETTED THE LIFE WE'D CHOSEN
TILL NOW...

NOW, HERE WE WERE A PLANET
FULL OF THE MEANEST, BAD-
DEST AND REGRETTABLY OLDEST
OF THE MONSTERS
THAT CALLED THEMSELVES
THE CORPORATION...

AS SOON AS WE LANDED
THEY HAD US VACCINATED,
STERILIZED, TRANQUIL-
IZED AND HEADED INTO
IDENTICAL SUITES.

SURE, OUR QUARTERS WERE
LUXURIOUS AND THEY FOOL-
ED MOST OF US, BUT I
RECOGNIZE A PRISON
WHEN I SEE ONE, EVEN IF
THE BARS ARE BENDED.

SUPPOSEDLY WE'D ALL RE-
TIRED HERE, ACTUALLY, THE
YOUNGER CORPSE MEMBERS
HAD ORCHESTRATED A COUP
AND SUNSET FARMS WAS
THE RESULT, TOO SMART
TO MURDER US OUTRIGHT,
THEY EXILED US HERE TO
THIS ARTIFICIAL PARADISE
... THIS WAKING DEATH.



I DECIDED TO MAKE THE BEST
OF THE SITUATION... WHICH
MEANT TAKING OVER. THE
MEANS WERE OBVIOUS. THE
WHOLE AREA WITH THE POSSIBLE
EXCEPTION OF US OLD
FOLKS, WAS COMPUTER RUN
AND MECHANIZED. ALL I
HAD TO DO WAS GAIN
CONTROL OF THE COMPUTERS
THAT FEED INFORMATION ON
THIS BURG INTO CORPSE.
I PUNCHED RACHET ON THE
COMPUTERPHONE...

I SEE YOU'RE BUSY PLAYING
WITH COMPANY TOOLS, RACHET,
SO I WON'T DETAIN YOU
JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE
YOU'RE AVAILABLE!

AVAILABLE
AVAILABLE MEANS
WORK, BOSS...
I'M NOT AN
EMPLOYEE
NOW!

YOU AND ME
ARE EQUALS
HERE,
REMEMBER?



THAT WORRIED ME, RACHET USED TO LOVE
HIS WORK...HE'D SOONER SNUFF SOMEBODY
THAN EAT, SO I FIGURED IT WAS THE
TRANQUILIZER DRUGS TALKING, NOT
RACHET, ME? I PULLED MINE AND
SWALLOWED A PLACETO, THE MEDI-DRUGS
COULDN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE.



COMPUTERS WERE REAL EASY TO FOOL IF YOU HAD THE KNOWLEDGE
AND I'D BEEN JAMMING THEM FOR YEARS. AS LONG AS I
DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO ALARM THEM THEY'D FIGURE I
WAS A DRUGGED SHEEP LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE.

IT BOTHERED ME SOME THAT RACHET HAD LET HIMSELF GET DRUGGED INTO THIS STATE, BUT HE'VE NEVER BEEN LONG ON BRAINS. I PARED NOT WARN HIM THEN, SINCE OUR CONVERSATION WAS SURELY BEING RECORDED.

I THOUGHT ABOUT IT FOR A WHILE, THEN DECIDED TO SPEAK TO HIM IN PERSON... GET HIM OFF THE DRUGS VOLUNTARILY, IF POSSIBLE... THOUGH I FEARED THEY'D INCLUDED AN ADDICTIVE.

I WORRIED THAT RACHET WOULD DEVOUR MORE AND MORE OF THE MIND-NUMBING SUBSTANCE TILL HE BECAME A WALKING VEGETABLE LIKE THE OTHERS...

THE ONLY STATE THAT COULD MAKE THIS MORIBUND EXISTENCE PALATABLE TO SOME OF THE MOST HARD DRIVING, RUTHLESS men in THE UNIVERSE.

THE DISTURBANCE AHEAD CONFIRMED MY WORST FEARS.

WE DON'T DO ANYTHING... THINK ANYTHING... THEY CONTROL US WITH DRUGS. IN OUR FOOD - IN THE AIR WE BREATHE...

WE'RE TRANQUILIZED INTO TERMINAL BOREDOM! THERE'S NO ESCAPE! NONE EXCEPT...

BLAM

SO I WASN'T THE ONLY SUSPICIOUS SOUL. OF COURSE THEY'D HAVE WAYS TO CONTROL THE THOUSAND KIDS... THE ONES TOO FARAWAY TO SWALLOW THEIR PILLS. THE FOOD, THE WATER, EVERYTHING WAS PERMEATED WITH THE DRUGS!

IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF TIME TILL I TOO SUCCUMBED.

I'D BEEN TRAINED TO RESIST MIND-CONTROLLING DRUGS, HOWEVER, AND I PLANNED TO EAT AND DRINK SPARINGLY AND DEVOTE MY ENERGIES TO GETTING OFF SKYROD.

THAT POOR SACKER HAD OBVIOUSLY RESISTED ALSO... NO LOOK WHERE IT GOT HIM! IT WORRIED ME THAT THE AUTHORITIES TOOK HIS DEMONSTRATION SO CALMELY. THEY MUST HAVE BEEN REAL SURE OF THEIR CHARGE.

MUST BE AN OFFICIAL MESSENGER. I WONDER WHAT AND WHY?

A SHIP ZOOMED OVERHEAD WITH A VIBRATION THAT COULD BE MORE FELT THAN HEARD. I GLANCED UP CURIOUSLY, BUT NO ONE ELSE EVEN TURNED HIS HEAD.

BETTER CHECK IT OUT, IT MAY BE THE ONLY ESCAPE.

I HURRIED TO THE ONE PLACE THE MESSENGER COULD HAVE SONG—THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

I WAS SURPRISED TO FIND THAT THE ADMINISTRATOR WAS A HUMAN NOT A ROBOT UNTIL I HEARD THE MESSAGE: NO MERE ROBOT COULD CONDONE SUCH INFAMY.



CHARLIE ESCAPE THE ADMINISTRATOR INSERTED THE COMMUNI-CUBE INTO THE COMPUTER AND LISTENED.

SET DIAL 1334-A TO 7498 DEGREES TO IMPLEMENT AN IRREVERSIBLY SEVERE ELECTROMATIC PERTURBANCE WHICH WILL CAUSE THE MOON SKYROID TO CRASH INTO THE MOTHER PLANET'S SURFACE.



THE UNFORTUNATE DESTRUCTION OF ALL INCARCERATED ON THE MOON WILL BE EXPLAINED AS AN UNFORSEEN NATURAL DISASTER.

AFTER SETTING THE DIAL... YOU WILL HAVE ONE HOUR TO ABANDON SKYROID. USING THE COURIER'S SHIP, REPEAT: ABANDON SKYROID IMMEDIATELY. THE COURIER MUST REMAIN BEHIND TO AVOID SECURITY LEAKS.

THE COURIER IS RYDEL EKAN BUT THE COMMUNI-CUBE WAS IN BASIC ENGLISH, WHICH THE COURIER OBVIOUSLY DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

OTHERWISE HE CERTAINLY WOULDN'T HAVE, AT THE ADMINISTRATOR'S SUGGESTION, STOPPED FOR A LITTLE RAND R BEFORE STARTING HOME.

HE'VE HAVE SEEN CHARLIE FIDDLE WITH THOSE DIALS AND WOULD HAVE RUN, NOT WALKED, FOR HIS SHIP AND GOTTEN THE HECK OFF THAT PLANET AS FAST AS HE COULD...



...WHICH WAS EXACTLY WHAT I PLANNED TO DO... AND I WASN'T GOING ALONE. I WAS TAKING RACHET WITH ME. EVEN IF I HAD TO DRAG HIM KICKING AND SCREAMING FROM THIS LAND OF LOTUS EATERS.



RACHET, I HAVE TO SEE YOU NOW!

I-44!

MAN, WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? YOU DON'T GIVE ORDERS NO MORE!

CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYIN' CONCENTRATE. I CAN'T HEAR THE NUMBERS WI YOU JASPERIN'?



I'D HAVE TO GET US **OFF** THIS SATELLITE SOON... WITHIN THE NEXT HOUR THAT PART'D BE EASY. THE HARD PART WOULD BE **KEEPING** RACHET AWAY FROM HIS **BINGO** GAME.

NOW YOU MIGHT WONDER WHY I DIDN'T JUST **LEAVE** HIM. I WAS TEMPTED, BUT HE'D WORKED FOR ME FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS... EVEN **SAVED** MY LIFE A COUPLE OF TIMES... AND I WASN'T GOING TO **ABANDON** HIM UNLESS I HAD TO.



WHAT LITTLE BRAIN HE HAD LEFT WAS TEMPORARILY **IN-OPERATIVE** OR HE'D HAVE **KNOWN** SOMETHING WAS UP.



HE'D NEED A SERIOUS-JOLT TO SNAP HIM OUT OF HIS STUPOR. THEN I REMEMBERED THE COMMUNI-CUSE AND MY EARLIER CONVICTION THAT THE PERSON WHO CONTROLS COMMUNICA-TIONS HERE RULED THE PLANET.

SURELY I HAD IT! MY IDEA WAS PURE **GENIUS**, BRILLIANTLY INSPIRED IN ONE MOVE I COULD **AWAKEN** RACHET AND SET US BOTH **OFF** THIS LITTLE PARADISE IN ONE PIECE.



I RACED BACK TO SCOPES OFFICE. A HALF HOUR HAD PASSED BUT CHARLIE WAS STILL THERE. AND HE'D BEEN DRINKING HEAVILY...

CAN'T STOP IT NOW... GONE TOO FAR... GONNA 'SLOP...'.

HE PUNCHED THE HANGAR ON THE COMMU-PHONE...

DRIDS NEVER QUESTION ORDERS, WHICH WAS ONE REASON WHY THIS PLACE WAS SO MECHANIZED. HUMANS WOULD HAVE GOTTEN SUSPICIOUS. SCOPES DOWNED ANOTHER SWIG OF THE LIQUOR...

SEEMS HE ACTUALLY FELT QUIETLY... CONCERNED THAT IT WAS HIS HAND THAT SET THE DIAL THAT WAS GOING TO DESTROY ALL LIFE ON THE SATELLITE... ANGRY THAT HE'D BEEN CHOSEN TO DO CORPSE'S DIRTY WORK.



C-CAN'T LET THAT STOP ME! GOTTA GET AWAY!



THE WAY I FIGURED IT CHARGED
ME **ABOUT HALF WAY** TO THE
HANGER WHEN I PLAYED THE
CUE'S MESSAGE OVER THE
LOUD SPEAKER...

CHARLIE SCOPE SET DIAL
1334-A TO 7,498 DEGREES
TO IMPLEMENT AN IRREVERSIBLY
SEVERE ELECTROMAGNETIC
DISTURBANCE THAT WILL
CAUSE SKYDROID TO...



NOT ALL THE INMATES
UNDERSTOOD BASIC
ENGLISH, OF COURSE, BUT
THOSE WHO DID WOULD
BE ONLY TO EAGER TO
TRANSLATE.

I'D LOOPED THE TAPE SO
THE ANNOUNCEMENT
WOULD BLARE OVER AND
OVER AGAIN, BUT HAD
CAREFULLY DELETED
THE PORTION THAT MENTIONED THE ESCAPE
SHIP.



IN ABOUT A MINUTE,
THE INFORMATION
HAD PENETRATED
EVEN THE MOST
DRUG-SOAKED BRAIN.

APPARENTLY THE PEOPLE CAUGHT UP WITH
SCOPE VERY SOON AFTER THAT.

GET
HIM!

KILL
HIM!

HE'S TRYING
TO ESCAPE.
FOLLOW HIM
AND SEE WHERE
HE GOES!

THAT'S ABOUT WHERE I
CAUGHT UP TO THE MOB.
SCOPE **HEARD** THEM, OF
COURSE, AND NOT WAITING
TO LEAD THEM TO THE
SPACESHIP, HE TURNED
AND RAN IN THE OPPOSITE
DIRECTION.

RACHET WAS IN THE FORE-
FRONT OF THE MOB,
LOOKING A BIT MORE ALERT.



AS THE MOB SURGED PAST
ME, I PULLED HIM ASIDE...
AND EXPLAINED THAT I KNEW
WHERE THE ESCAPE VEHICLE
WAS LOCATED...

THAT REALLY WOKE HIM UP.
A SEMBLANCE OF THE OLD
GRIN REPLACED HIS MASK
OF REMINDED PANIC...



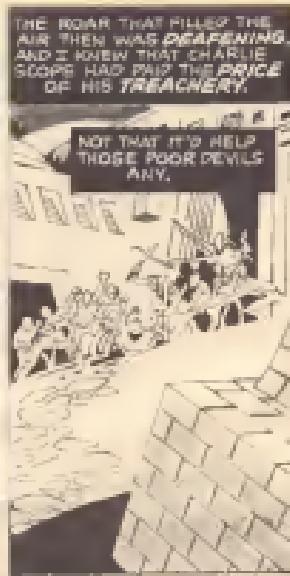
IN ANOTHER THREE MINUTES
WE REACHED THE HANGER...

IN THE
DISTANCE
WE COULD
TEAR THE
ROAR OF THE
MOB
AS THEY
CLOSED
IN ON
CHARLIE
SCOPE.





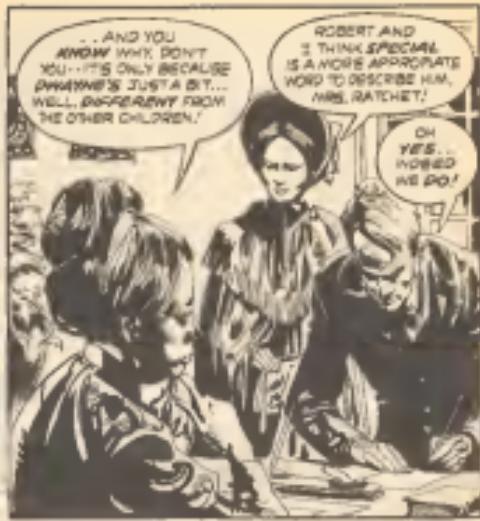
SUDDENLY THERE WAS AN UP-SURGE IN VOLUME...



WE WERE IN SPACE WHEN IT STARTED. AS WE WATCHED, BIG CRACKS APPEARED IN SKYDOME'S SURFACE. AND THE MOON BEGAN TO TUMBLE OUT OF ORBIT.

I COULD IMAGINE THE SCREAMS OF ITS PEOPLE. ALL FELLOWS CORPSE MEMBERS, NOW JUST CORPSES.





TAKE YOUR CHILD, PLEASE!

"DEAR MRS. BURCHET--MY HOME IS A TOWN CALLED BURTON. IT HAS LOT OF STORES AND PLACES TO SPEND MONEY. EVERY SUNDAY MOTHER AND FATHER TAKE ME TO TOWN WITH THEM AND LET ME SPEND TWO WHOLE DOLLARS. FOR TRUE--TWO!"



"WE LIVE IN A VERY NICE HOUSE. I HAVE MY OWN ROOM. SOMETIMES I EVEN HAVE A VISITOR. I EVEN HAVE A DOG. HIS NAME IS SPUD."

"I HAVE A DOG BUT NOW TOO EVERY SUNDAY THE THREE OF US DRESS UP REAL FINE AND GO TO CHURCH."



"YOU LIKE SPUD, HIS REAL PLAYFUL AND APPROPRIATE."



"MOTHER AND FATHER WERE A LITTLE UPSET CAUSE I LEFT MY CAT. BUT THEY GOT OVER IT SOON ENOUGH."



"LAST SUNDAY AFTER CHURCH WE CAME HOME. MOTHER WORE THIS BIG FLOPPY HAT--I THOUGHT IT LOOKED KIND OF SILLY ON HER...."



"ALL IN ALL, THE BARKERS ARE TREATING ME TO HIGH-CLASS OF THE TIME."



"THERE WAS THIS ONE TIME... I
BUSS YOU COULD SAY FATHER
LOST HIS TEMPER."



"HE WAS MAD--REAL MAD!"



"I KNOW HE DIDN'T MEAN TO
HURT ME, MRS. RATCHET..."



"...BUT YOU KNOW
HOW GROWN-UPS
GET SOMETIMES."

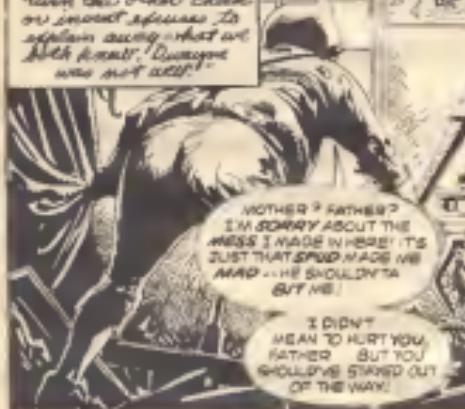


"BUT IT TURNED OUT HE NEVER HIT ME AFTER
ALL. SO I JUST LEFT HIM BEHIND THE HOUSE
AND WENT TO PLAY WITH SPUD."

"Dear mother - I'm afraid matters have gotten worse since my last letter. At first, Robert and I just thought the children were going through their normal 'terrible' tantrums."



"Yesterday we couldn't even get the other checks or account papers to explain away what we both sensed. Everyone was not all right."



"MOTHER? FATHER? I'M SORRY ABOUT THE MESS I MADE IN HERE! IT'S JUST THAT SPAIN MADE ME MAD - HE SHOULDN'T HIT ME!"

"I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU, FATHER. BUT YOU SHOULD'VE STOOD OUT OF THE WAY!"



"People all over town are starting to gossip about us! They see the damaged and the bruises and they think Robert and I have been fighting like heathens."



"Not a pleasant state of affairs, I admit - but far better than letting the unpredictable truth be known."

"But yesterday changed all that!"

"Robert has called Mrs. Pocket several times, but she flatly refuses to believe anything could be anything less than an ideal kid. Any difficulties had to be our fault, she said."



"Now Robert is afraid to tell anyone about his problems up at home having nothing to do with me. I think he should call me nothing but trouble and look me down as an angel. It may just be right."

"We had a long talk the other night, Mother, and the rest of us made a decision. At first I was dead set against what Robert was suggesting..."



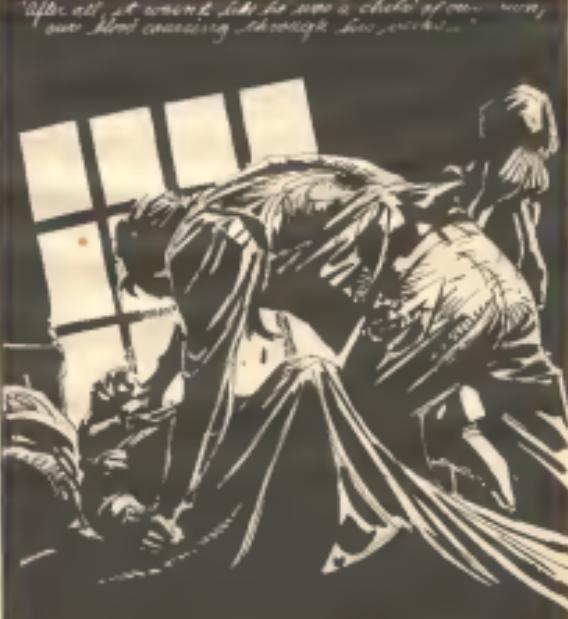
"...But finally he convinced me, and I realized it was the only way..."



"The only way for our love to return to normal..."



"The only way for me to manage not to murder him, I guess, is to remain silent!"



"Believe me, Mother, no daughter of yours could give birth to something like this!"

"DEAR MRS. RATCHET -- THE OTHER DAY MOTHER AND FATHER TOOK ME OUT FOR A DRIVE."



"I WAS KIND OF SURPRISED, CAUSE THE FUN HADN'T EVEN COME UP YET...."



"BUT FATHER REALLY SEEMED TO ENJOY HIS DRIVING, AND MUM ALWAYS LIKED TO LOOK AT THE PLEASING SCENERY."



"AFTER A WHILE THE SCENERY STARTED TO LOOK UNFAMILIAR TO ME... MY SENSE OF DIRECTION NEVER WAS REAL GOOD."

"WHERE DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD LEAVE HIM, ROBERT?"



"ARE YOU SURE YOU GAVE HIM ENOUGH ETHER?"

"ENOUGH TO KNOCK OUT A HORSE FOR A WHOLE DAY!"

"STOP HUMMING! -- HE'LL BE THERE IN ANOTHER 45 MINUTES!"

"PRETTY SOON WE WERE UP IN THE MOUNTAINS. BY NOW THE SUN WAS HIGH IN THE SKY. IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR A DRIVE."

"PLEASE, ROBERT, THIS WILL DO. LET'S GET IT OVER WITH."

"YOU'RE SURE -- ABSOLUTELY SURE YOU CAN GO THROUGH WITH IT?"



"BUT SOMETIMES EVEN BEAUTIFUL DAYS CAN START SOUND BAD BEFORE YOU KNOW IT..."

"WE MAKE
TO ROBERT... WE'VE
COME THIS FAR. NO ONE
WILL EVER KNOW... I WILL
JUST SAY HE RAN
AWAY FROM HOME!"

"MAY GOD
FORGIVE US, AND
MAY HE HAVE MERCY
ON THE PEOPLE WHO
FIND THIS CHILD!"

"ALL IT TAKES IS FOR ONE
LITTLE THING TO GO WRONG..."

"OLIVIA!"

"EEEKK-
MMFFF!"

"I GUESS FATHER JUST TOOK HIS
EYES OFF THE ROAD A SECOND
TOO LONG..."

"BEFORE
YOU TRIED TO PUT
ME TO SLEEP. FATHER,
YOU SHOULD'VE ASKED
ME HOW LONG I CAN
HOLD MY BREATH!"

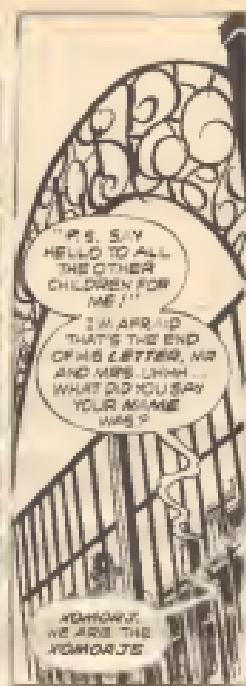


I KNOW YOU'D BE GLAD TO HAVE ME BACK AT THE ORPHANAGE, MRS. RATCHET. AND MARY BE SOMEDAY I WILL COME BACK!

BUT FOR THE PRESENT...

...I THINK I WANT TO SEE HOW IT FEELS TO BE ON MY OWN FOR A WHILE. I HAVE TO GO NOW. GOODBYE, MRS. RATCHET.

LOVE, DWYNE.



WARNING! Although the names of demons, magical implements and ceremonies used in this story have been altered they are similar to the actual ones. Based upon strong advice, the author has used pseudonyms. He now advises the reader not to search for the current titles lest one inadvertently unleashes terrible forces which often prove to be uninvokable and difficult to remove.

THE WINE BREWER HAS BOTH UNEXPECTED AND INEVITABLE. THE LAMING TIMBERS WERE AS STRONG AS STEEL AND THE CHAMBERS WHICH Housed THE MAJESTY OF THE TOWER OF DARK HEDGES SO LUMINOUS, RIGHT UP TO THE MOMENT OF THE EXPLOSION ALMOST AS STRANGE AS THE TRAGEDY ITSELF WAS THE REASON THAT ROBERT GALE WAS CALLED TO THE SCENE.

EXCUSE ME, I
WAS TOLD TO ASK FOR
THE FOREMAN, MIGHT
THAT BE YOU? I AM
DR. ROBERT GALE.

YOU'VE FOUND
OUR MAN, DOC. PLEASE
LEAVE YOUR WAGON WHERE
IT IS AND FOLLOW ME.

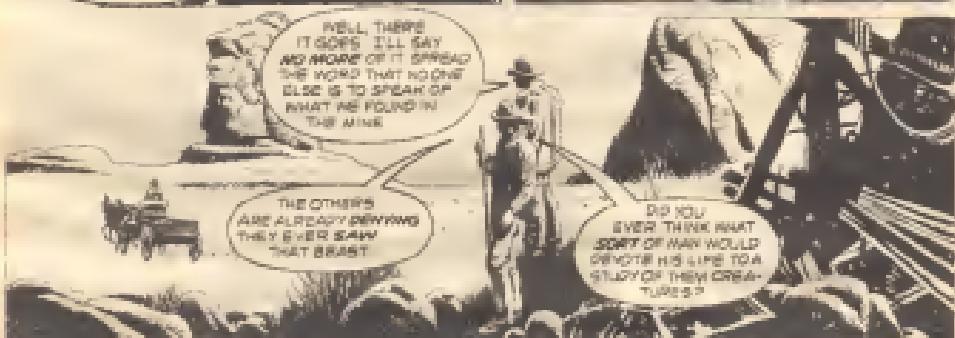
Demon Hater

YOU KNOW, I'M
NOT A MEDICAL
DOCTOR, WHICH IS WHAT
YOU OBVIOUSLY NEED
HERE. PERHAPS SOME
ONE HAS MADE AN
ERROR.

NO MISTAKE. WE
GOT YOU HERE FOR A
SPECIAL REASON. WE
WIS TOLD YOU AWHIN
ABOUT THESE THINGS.

WHAT.
THINGS? I KNOW
NOTHING OF WINGS OR
COIL OR...

DOC, WHAT'S
UNDER THIS TARPOLLIN...
WELL, I BEEN A MINER
GON' ON TWENTY-THREE YEARS
AN' I SEEN BLOOD CURLING
THINGS DOWN IN THEM HOLES
BUT IAYS... SAID

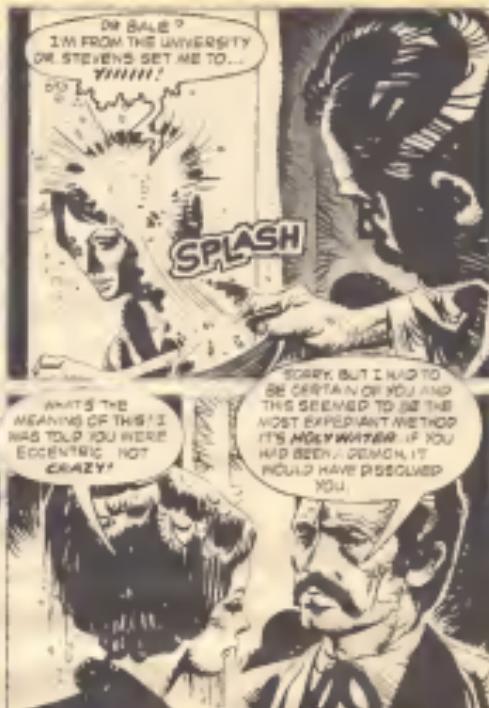


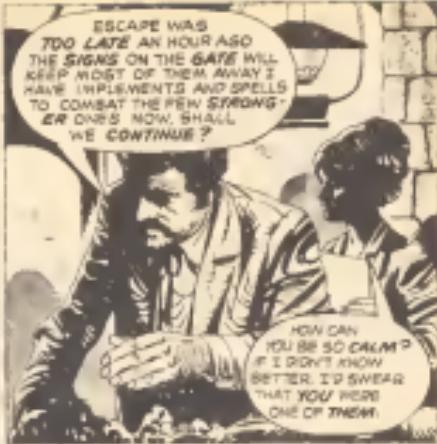
FOR YEARS BAILEY'S STUDIES HAD
CONSISTED OF SPECULATION, DISCUSS-
ION OF HOARY MANUSCRIPTS,
FRAUGHT WITH INCONSISTENCIES,
INACCURATE DESCRIPTIONS OF FUTU-
LESS INCANTATIONS. HERE AT LAST
WAS THE BEAST. ITS NATURE WAS
A HERB DISSECTION, ANY





THE DYING SUN LEFT A BLOODY STREAM ACROSS THE SKIES. SINISTER CLOUDS GATHERED TO Wipe AWAY THE BLOOD. DARK, UNNATURAL CLOUDS FROM HOOVES AND CLAWS OF A HUNDRED'S DEMONIC ARMY.









BALI
MURLED THE NOW
FLAMING LOGS
INTO THE
FACES OF THE
DEMONS...



THEIR AGONIZED
NOSES FILLED
THE AIR AS
THE JACAR-
THORNS ON
THE BURNING
PAGES SCARRED
THEM. SCORCHED
BONE OR FLESH.

THEN, SUDDENLY
THEY WERE GONE!
I SAW IT
BANDY BURNED!
LORD MY
HANDS!



THIS WAY.
BOB, STAY WITH
ME AND I'LL LEAD
YOU OUT OF HERE.

DELLA? BUT
THE PARROWS
THEY'RE WAITING OUT-
SIDE. ASHAMEDNESS
NATURAL. LONER.

THEY'RE GONE!
THEY BELIEVE THEY'VE
DEFEATED YOU BUT I
DON'T ALLOW THEM TO HAVE
YOU. YOU'RE TOO PO MEADLY
ACCUSTOMED TO DIE THIS WAY.

THE FLAMES WITHEED LIKE
THE BLOODY FLOWERS OF AN
AVENGER FORT. TEARING
THROUGH THE TIMBERS OF
THE BANDER, RIPPING THE
SO-COAT FROM THE WEAKE,
CRUMBLING THE SUPERSTIC-

I FORGIVE
THAT YOU I REMOVED
THE RUNIC SYMBOLS
FROM THE GATES AND
TOSSED YOUR BOOKS
INTO THE FIREPLACE.



THE FLAMES FROM THE BLAZING BOOKS HAD
QUICKLY SPREAD TO THE CHAIRS AND FURNITURE
AND CRACKLED WITH UNEARTHLY
SUBLIMOUS BRIGHTNESS...

FOR A
MOMENT, FOR
A SCORCE, I, I
THOUGHT YOU WERE
THE PECH BELAROM
... AND THAT YOU HAD
BETRAYED ME

AS MODERUS HAD
KEPT HIS WORD!



IT WAS ALL PART
OF MY BARGAIN WITH ASH-
DEUS. HE OFFERED ME MY FREE-
DOM FROM THE NETHERWORLD IF I
WOULD DELIVER YOU TO HIM. I
KEPT MOST OF MY PACT BUT I
COULDNT ALLOW YOU TO DIE IN
THE FIRE. I... COULDNT!

BUT WHERE DELLAS?
YOURE NOTA PECHON. THE
HOLY WATER WOULD HAVE
BURNED YOUR FLESH IF
YOU WERE...



HAVENT YOU
GUESSED BY NOW
WHO I AM? CAN YOU
BE SO HIRE AND SO
BLIND AT THE SAME
TIME?

I AM THE
CRANGELIANA! I AM
THE BAIBE WHO WAS
TAKEN TO HELL IN
POUR PLACE!



THEY STAND IN EVERY LARGE CITY NOW, SHARING THE SKYLINE WITH THE OFFICE BUILDINGS, THE TRADE CENTERS...



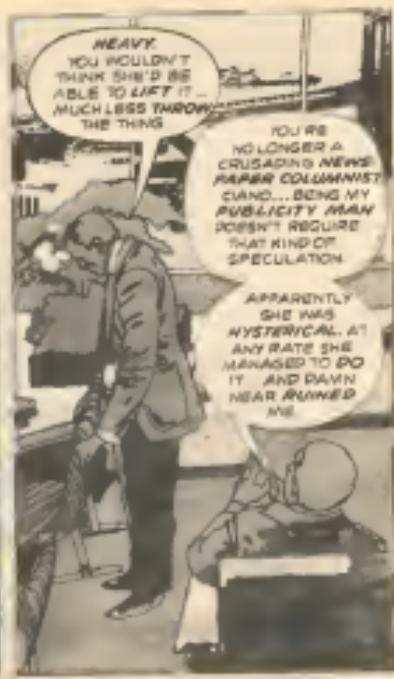
THEY ARE MODERN DWELLINGS, HOMES FOR THOUSANDS. YET THEY APPEAR IMPERSONAL, COOL, LIKE GIANT BUILDING BLOCKS.



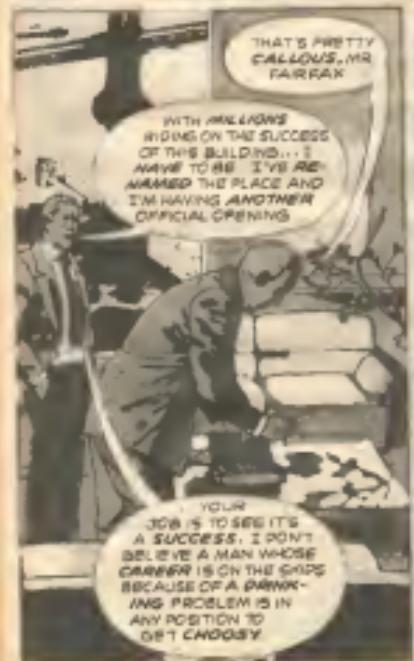
OR PERHAPS LIKE GRAVESTONES.



Horror
is
a
HIGHRISE

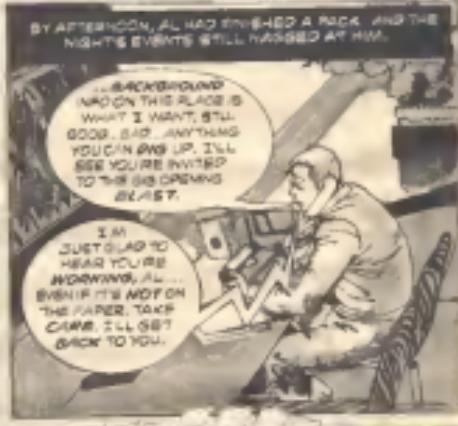


APPARENTLY SHE WAS MYSTERICAL. AT ANY RATE SHE MANAGED TO DO IT AND PAVIN' NEAR ANWED ME.



AT 4:45 AM, HE WAS MUCH LESS CERTAIN





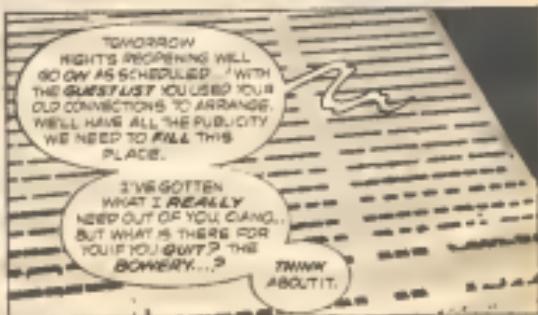


AND THE ARCHITECT WHO DESIGNED IT
TOOK A DIVING DOWN THE CENTER OF THE
MAIN SUPPORT COLUMN!

"ONLY THERE WAS NOTHING AN AMBULANCE
COULD DO. NO ONE COULD EVEN FIND HIS
BODY IN THE WET CEMENT OR THE
FOUNDATION BELOW, BUT A LOT OF CON-
STRUCTION WORKERS REMEMBER THE
SOUND OF HIS SCREAM..."

CARL DUNCAN
RYDER WAS A
GENIUS, DANO, BUT
CRAZY. SENATE TRIED TO
HAVE CONSTRUCTION
STOPPED BECAUSE I
TAMPERED WITH SOME
OF HIS DESIGNS.

WHEN
HIS CASE WAS
THROWN OUT OF
COURT...HE RE-
TALIATED THE ONLY
WAY HE COULD. I
REFUSE TO LET HIS
DEATH BEAN A
GREAT INVEST-
IGATION!





TO AL CANDO'S SHOCK, THE DOORS SUDDENLY SLID OPEN. SOMEHOW THERE WAS NO COMFORT IN THE SCREAM STARTED AGAIN. AND BEYOND THAT, SOMEWHERE AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR, THERE WAS ANOTHER SOUND, MOANMENT, SHIFT, PLUG...



...SUBSCRIBE UPON ARRIVAL

YOU WERE
DRUNK...? YOU
HAVE INVENTED MOST
OF IT, THEY TELL ME THERE
WAS A SERIOUS LEAK FROM
ONE OF THE BUILDING'S WATER
TOWERS...BUT NOTHING
THAT EQUALS YOUR
TALE!

THEY
ARE GOING TO BE
PEOPLE WORKING ALL
DAY TO GET THIS PLACE
IN SHAPE FOR TONIGHT.
STAY OUT OF THEIR
WAY...

...EVERYTHING
IS COMING OFF AS
SCHMIDT DESPITE
YOU AND THE GHOST
OF CARL DUNCAN RYDER.

RING
RING
RING

IT WAS LONG TIME BEFORE AL DING
COULD BRING HIMSELF TO PICK UP
THE PHONE.

A LIVE BAND PLAYED IN THE DINING ROOM. YOU COULD FEEL THE VIBRATIONS OF THEIR ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENTS
POUNDING OUT THE HARD, STEADY DISCO BEAT BEFORE THE ELEVATOR WAS HALF-WAY UP TO THE PENTHOUSE
APARTMENT.

BUT AL STILL MANAGED TO MAKE HIMSELF WEIRD AS HE
PUSHED THROUGH THE CROWDED LIVING ROOM TOWARD
FAIRFAX.

GET OUT, YOU
FOOLS...GET OUT FAST.
PARTY'S OVER...IT'S TIME FOR
SOME SERIOUS TALK WITH
MR. FAIRFAX.

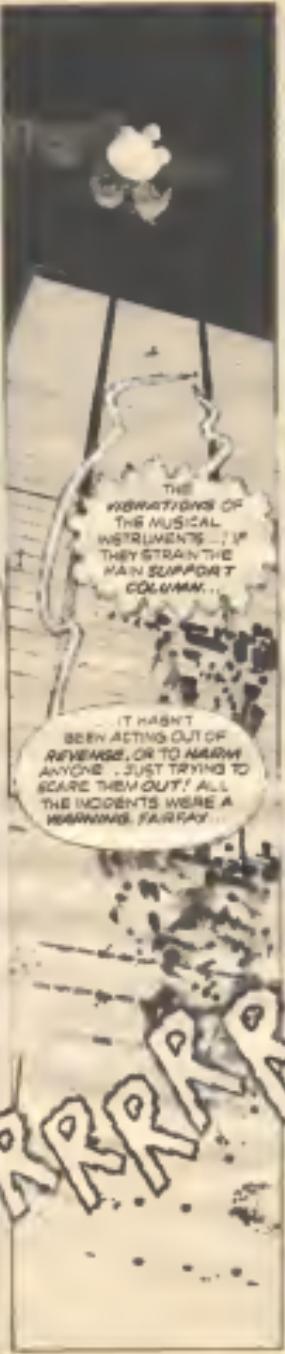
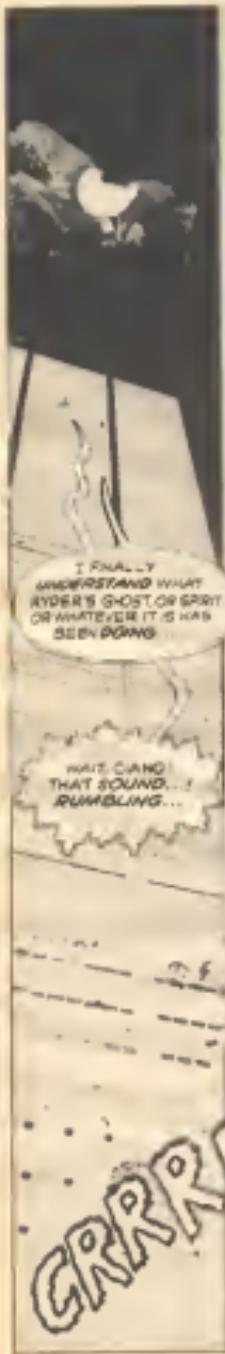
SHUT UP,
YOU LUSHES
HAVE BODYGUARDS
AROUND...IF YOU'D
REALLY LIKE TO
GET HURT!

YEAH, YOU KNOW
ALL THE GIFT PEOPLE
ON NEWSPAPER BLOODY
CALLED ME TODAY AFTER
DOING SOME INFORMATION
ABOUT ALL YOUR DEALS
CONSTRUCTING THIS
LITTLE PALACE!

WHAT HAVE
YOU OPENED UP,
PUMPKIN?

WHAT EARL
DUNCAN RYDER REALLY
COMMITTED SUICIDE OVER?
NOT A CHANCE IN HS PENS
...YOU UNDERSTOOD ALL HIS
SPECIFICATIONS FOR
BUILDING MATERIALS!

YOU CONSTRUCTED
THIS MONSTER CHALET
INSTEAD OF WHAT USUALLY
SHOULD HAVE GONE INTO
MAKING IT SAFE!



A SOUND FILLED THE CITY NIGHT. THE SOUND
OF A BUILDING DYING. AS ITS GREAT STEEL
BIRDERS REND AND SCREECH... LIKE THE
LONG SCREAM OF A MAN PLUNGING TO HIS
DOOM.



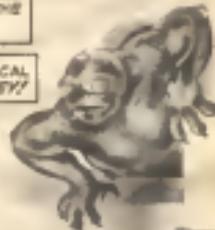
CLIMBING WITH SILENT DETERMINATION,
ITS GUSTENING RED EYES INEXORABLY
FIXED ON THE LONG WINDOW CHISELED
OUT OF THE TORMOSED PORTION OF THE
TOWER ABOVE...

TIRELESSLY IT CLIMBS, ITS CLAWED
HANDS AND FEET EASILY GRASPING
ON TO THE MORTAR AND STONE FACE
OF THE SLOOMING TOWER, LABORING
AGAINST THE SOFT LIGHT OF A
MID-EVIL MOON



...CLIMBING UNTIL IT FINALLY REACHES
THE DRAFT CHILLED CHAMBER AT THE
SUMMIT OF THE TOWER...

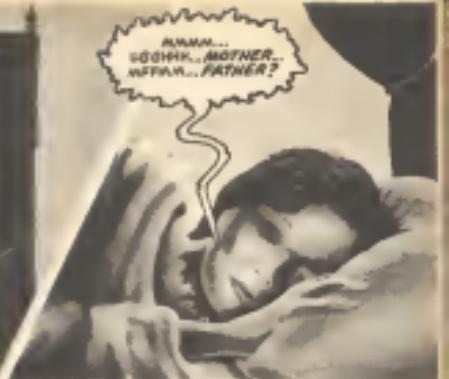
...AND IT HEARS THE SOFT, RHYTHMICAL
BREATHING OF ITS SLEEPING PREY!



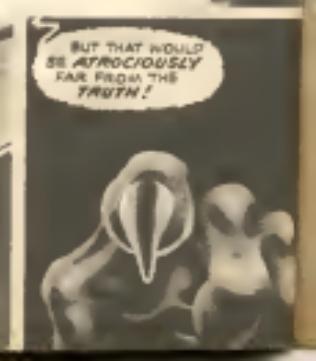
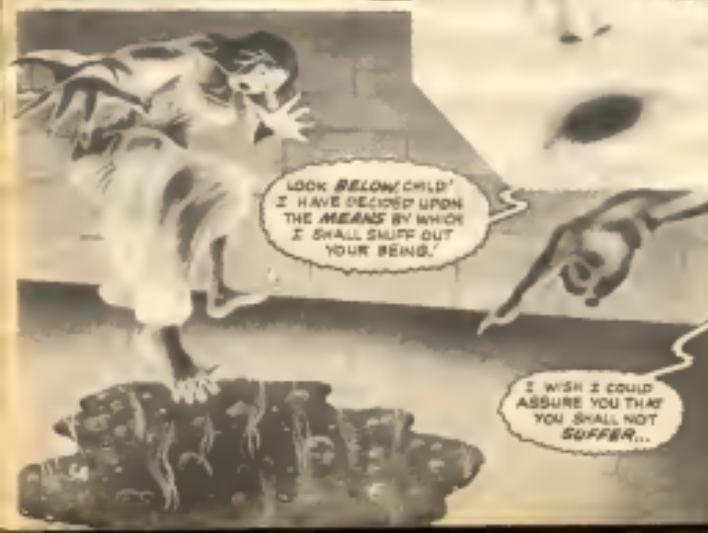
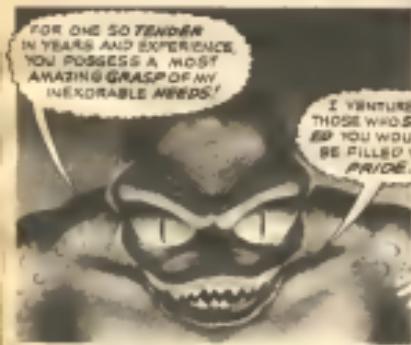
A KNIGHTMARE TO REMEMBER



UHHH...
UOHHH... MOTHER...
UHMM... FATHER?







I WISH I COULD ASSURE YOU THAT YOU SHALL NOT SUFFER...



DIE,
DEMON!
DIE!

HUSH,
HUSH HUSH!
YOU'LL AWAKEN
THE WHOLE
COVEN

NOOOOOOO

I WAS ABOUT TO
CONSUME A HUMAN
CHILD, WHEN, WHEN IT
DEFIED MY POWER...
AND ROSE UP TO
DESTROY ME, A TRUE
DEMON-SLAYER
IT WAS...

PATIENCE, MYCHILD!
WE WILL FIND YOU A
HUMAN CHILD ON THE
(MORROW). YOU ARE
MERELY SUFFERING
FROM THE CHANTING
RIGORS OF HUNGER...

HOLD ME CLOSE,
MOTHER! I SEE IT TO
HAVE BEEN BESET
BY CHILLS...

DEMON-SLAYER
WEEP CHILD, WHAT
A FANCIFUL DREAMER
I BROUGHT INTO
THE WORLD...

THE

CLOCKMAKER

SHHH—LISTEN
CLOSER NOW,
SURELY YOU CAN
HEAR IT. LISTEN—
THIRTEEN
STROKES OF THE
HAMMER AGAINST
A BRAZEN BELL,
THE FINAL
INSPIRIED
CHIMING OF THE
OLD MAN'S
CLOCK. CAN'T
YOU HEAR IT?

THIRTEEN STROKES FOR
THE THIRTEEN WOODEN
STEPS THAT LEAD TO THE
TWISTED KNOT ON THE
GALLows ROPE.

ANTON CORBA, THE CLOCKMAKER.
WAS THERE EVER A HUMAN BEING SO
COLD AND UNFEELING?

I SERVED THAT OLD MAN WELL AND
FAITHFULLY, ALWAYS AT HIS FIRST COM-
MAND, BUT NEVER WAS HE SATISFIED WITH ME,
CRUELTY AND CONTEMPT
WERE THE ONLY PAY-
MENT I EVER RECEIVED
FROM HIM.

I ASK YOU THEN—IS IT
ANY WONDER THAT I
CAME TO DESPISE
ANTON CORBA?

MY EARLIEST
MEMORY IS
OF THE MARSH-
NESS OF HIS
VOICE, AND
THE DISTANT
SOUND OF
TINY WHIRRING
CLOCKWORKS—

—LIKE THE BUZZ OF INSECTS
TRAPPED IN A PRISON OF GLASS.

CAN YOU REALLY
BLAME ME FOR WHAT
FINALLY DID TO HIM?

I TOOK TO DRINK IN THE USELESS HOPE THAT GIN WOULD WASH AWAY THE HATRED THAT STAINED MY SOUL.



NIGHT AFTER NIGHT I LOOKED UPON HIS LOATH-SOME, SLEEPING FORM, AND I PRAYED THAT HE WOULD DIE BEFORE THE DAWN.



BUT NEITHER GOD NOR SATAN ANSWERED MY PRAYERS. THE OLD MAN LIVED TO ABUSE ME YET AGAIN,



MY DECISION DID NOT COME QUICKLY. IT GREW IN MY HEART LIKE GRAVE-YARD MOLD. ULTIMATELY I HAD NO CHOICE TO ACT, FOR I HAD DISCOVERED THE OLD MAN'S SECRET—



ANTON CORBA'S CLEVER CLOCKMAKER'S HANDS HAD REPLACED HIS WITHERED ORGANS WITH IMMORTAL COGS AND WHEELS AND MAINSPRINGS.



HE WOULD LIVE FOREVER-- UNLESS I KILLED HIM.



MY RESOLVE WAS STRENGTHENED
BY MY KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUTH.
THE TIME HAD COME AT LAST.



MY ACTIONS WOULD
NOT BE THOSE OF A
MURDERER. HOW
COULD THEY BE?



ANTON CORBA WAS NOT A MAN AT ALL. HE
WAS AN EVIL MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCE.



SURELY THE WORLD
WOULD BE BETTER
OFF WITHOUT A
CREATURE SO LACK-
ING IN HUMANITY.



I THINK HE REALIZED, WITH HIS
CLOCKWORK CUNNING, THAT I KNEW
HIS SECRET. THAT NIGHT HE DID NOT
SLEEP.



WHEN I ENTERED
HIS ROOM, THE
TICKING WAS
LOUDER, THE
WHIRRING
SOUND MORE
PROMINENT.



YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, I
WOULD NEVER HARM A
HUMAN BEING. THE LAWS
OF GOD AND MAN FORBID
IT. NEVER WOULD I DO
SUCH A THING.

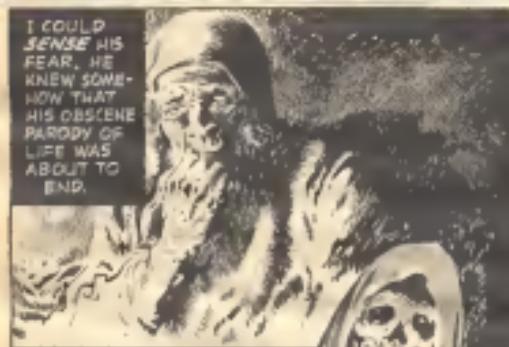




THE HOUSEHOLD CLOCKS STRUCK TWELVE, THE HOUR THAT DIVIDES THE NIGHT, THE HOUR THAT DIVIDES THE SOUL.



IT WAS TIME TO ACT, AND YET I HESITATED, AND THEN THE LINGERING ECHOES OF THE MIDNIGHT CHIMES IS SOLVED, AND THE OLD MAN'S PERVERTED TICKING FILLED THE SILENT DARKNESS.



I COULD
SENSE HIS
FEAR, HE
KNEW SOME-
HOW THAT
HIS OBSCENE
PARODY OF
LIFE WAS
ABOUT TO
END.



YOU DO UNDERSTAND,
DON'T YOU? HE WAS
VILE-- FOULER THAN
THE FOULEST VERMIN
THAT BURROWED
THROUGH THE DUNG-
HEAPS OF THE EARTH.



AND STILL I HESITATED,
DEATH CALLED TO ME TO
RID MANKIND OF THIS
UNCLEAN COUNTERFEIT,
BUT I COULD NOT MOVE.



I TOLD MYSELF,
THE SPEED MUST BE DONE
AT ONCE, AND THE
TICKING GREW LOUDER,
SHRIEKING
IN MY EARS--

-AND SUDDENLY MY DOUBTS
EVAPORATED. I KNEW
WHAT I WAS DOING THERE
AND NOTHING COULD KEEP
ME FROM MY PURPOSE.



THE OLD MAN'S
CLOCKWORK NOISES
BECAME INCREASINGLY
ERRATIC. HIS FEAR
OF ME WAS WARPING
THE DELICATE
MECHANISMS THAT
TURNED WITHIN
HIM.



I TAKE NO PLEASURE IN TORMENTING
THOSE WHO ARE HELPLESS. BUT
NEITHER DID ANTON CORBA DESERVE
THE SLIGHTEST SCRAP OF SYMPATHY.



PLEASE UNDERSTAND
ME. IT IS NOT MY
NATURE TO BE BRUTAL
OR UNKIND.

HIS SIN WAS THE UNSPEAKABLE
CONTAMINATION OF HIS OWN
HUMANITY. TO ALLOW SUCH A SIN
TO GO UNPUNISHED WOULD
BE UNTHINKABLE...



I FELT THAT I WAS ACTING AS THE
RIGHTEOUS INSTRUMENT OF
ALMIGHTY GOD. HOW COULD I HAVE
TURNED AWAY FROM THAT SACRED
OBLIGATION?



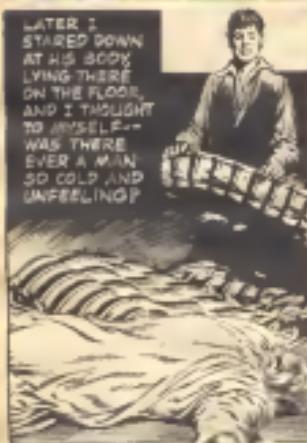
I TRIED TO EXPLAIN ALL OF THIS TO THE OLD MAN, BUT HE JUST SCREAMED AND WIMPERED AT ME IN TERROR.



AND SO I DID WHAT I HAD TO DO. SURELY YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THAT. IT'S NOT AS THOUGH I ENJOYED IT.



LATER I STARED DOWN AT HIS BODY LYING THERE ON THE FLOOR, AND I THOUGHT TO MYSELF-- WAS THERE EVER A MAN SO COLD AND UNFEELING?



THEN I KNELT DOWN BESIDE HIM, LISTENING VERY INTENTLY, BUT I HEARD NO SOUND, NOT A TICK OR A WHIRR, NOT A WHISPER OF GEARS.



IT OCCURRED TO ME SUDDENLY THAT PERHAPS HIS WHEELS AND SPRINGS COULD BE USED AGAIN FOR THEIR NATURAL PURPOSE-- THE MAKING OF CLOCKS.



BUT SOLOLY ENOUGH, I FOUND NOTHING. HIS INTERNAL MACHINERY HAD DISAPPEARED. IT WAS ALMOST AS THOUGH IT HAD NEVER BEEN THERE. BUT OF COURSE, I KNEW OTHERWISE. VERY PERPLEXING.



I DECIDED FINALLY THAT HIS BODY MUST HAVE SOMEHOW ABSORBED OR ASSIMILATED HIS FALSE COMPONENTS AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH. WHAT ELSE COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THEM?





THERE CAME A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. I WONDERED WHO COULD BE CALLING AT SUCH A LATE HOUR.



IT WAS, OF COURSE, THE POLICE. A PAIR OF CONSTABLES STOOD ON THE FRONT STEPS IN WINTER UNIFORMS, LOOKING SO CHILLED THAT I IMMEDIATELY FELT SORRY FOR THEM.



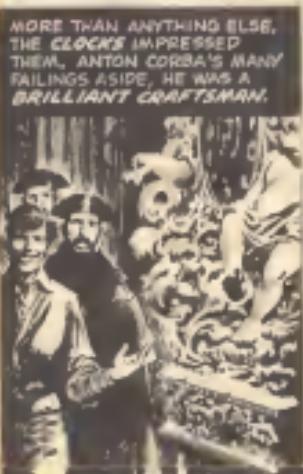
A NEIGHBOR HAD APPARENTLY REPORTED A SCREAM, AND THE POLICE WERE ATTEMPTING TO LOCATE ITS SOURCE.



NATURALLY I INVITED THEM IN TO WARM THEMSELVES AT MY FIRE.



THEY WERE QUITE TAKEN WITH THE HOUSE. I WAS HAPPY TO SHOW THEM AROUND, EXPLAINING THAT I SUFFERED FROM INSOMNIA, AND ANY COMPANY WAS WELCOME DURING THESE EMPTY HOURS.



MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE, THE CLOCK'S IMPRESSED THEM. ANTON CORBA'S MANY FAILINGS ASIDE, HE WAS A BRILLIANT CRAFTSMAN.

FINALLY I SEATED THE CONSTABLES IN FRONT OF THE FIRE. THEY DECLINED MY OFFER OF TEA AND CAKES, SINCE THEY FELT THIS WASN'T REALLY A SOCIAL CALL.



THEY ASKED ME IF I HAD HEARD THE REPORTED SCREAM, I TOLD THEM NO--BUT I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND THAT I'M NOT NORMALLY A LIAR. TACTFUL YES, BUT NOT A LIAR.

AND THEN IT HAPPENED. AN AWFUL WAVE OF GLUMNESS WASHED OVER ME, BUT THAT WAS ONLY THE START OF THINGS--



ON AND ON, I BABBLED. THE WORDS SIMPLY POURED OUT OF ME, NONSENSE WORDS, AND I THOUGHT THEY'D NEVER STOP.



I BEGAN TO BABBLE LIKE SOME SORT OF AN IDIOT. THE CONSTABLES LOOKED AT ME AS THOUGH I WAS LOSING MY MIND--A PREPOSTEROUS IDEA.



I WAS CAUGHT IN THE GRIP OF SOMETHING WHOLLY UNCONTROLLABLE, LIKE ONE OF THOSE RELIGIOUS PERSONS WHO SUDDENLY SPEAKS IN TONGUES.



BUT THEY DID STOP FINALLY, LEAVING ME CONFUSED AND EXHAUSTED. AND THEN IT ALL BECAME CLEAR. I KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED, THE LANGUAGE I HAD BEEN SPEAKING WAS THE NATIVE SPEECH OF ANTON CORBA--A FOREIGNER BY BIRTH, AND THE AWFUL GUESSNESS, I KNEW WHAT THAT WAS TOO.



MADNESS, MADNESS-- ANTON CORBA'S HORRID BITS OF MACHINERY WERE NOW INSIDE OF ME. I COULD HEAR THE FRENZIED TICKING AND WHIRRING OF TINY LITTLE WHEELS.



FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE THAT SOUND WOULD BE WITH ME-- IN ME-- AN INESCAPABLE CONTAMINATION OF MY HUMANITY.



HE DID IT-- ANTON CORBA! HE TURNED ME INTO A CLOCKWORK CREATURE! NOW I'M JUST LIKE HIM-- JUST LIKE HIM!



DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

END

ALL NEW STAR WARS ACTION FIGURES!

GREEDO ACTION FIGURE



GREEDO ACTION FIGURE From a galaxy far, far away, the Greedo action figure is a 12" tall, articulated figure. He wears his signature black leather vest and pants. He has a blaster on his belt and a lightsaber in his hand. He is 12" high. #42415/82.95

R5D4 ACTION FIGURE



R5D4 ACTION FIGURE One of the most popular action figures in the line, the Cantina Star Wars action figure is 12" tall. He is made of a soft, flexible plastic with a lightsaber and a blaster. He is 12" high. #42415/82.95

SNAGGLETOOTH ACTION FIGURE

SNAGGLETOOTH ACTION FIGURE Another of the most popular action figures in the line, the Snaggletooth action figure is 12" tall. He is made of a soft, flexible plastic with a lightsaber and a blaster. He is 12" high. #42415/82.95

DEATH STAR DROID ACTION FIGURE



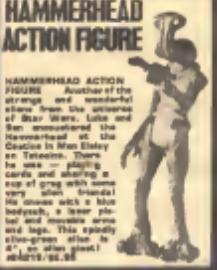
DEATH STAR DROID ACTION FIGURE Another of the most popular action figures in the line, the Death Star is the Empire's most powerful weapon. He is 12" tall and has a blaster on his belt. He is 12" high. #42421/82.95

LUKE SKYWALKER ACTION FIGURE



LUKE SKYWALKER ACTION FIGURE Another of the most popular action figures in the line, Luke Skywalker is 12" tall. He is dressed as a X-wing fighter pilot. He has an orange flight suit and a blaster on his belt. He is 12" high. #42421/82.95

HAMMERHEAD ACTION FIGURE



HAMMERHEAD ACTION FIGURE Another of the most popular action figures in the line, the Hammerhead action figure is 12" tall. He is dressed as a X-wing fighter pilot. He has an orange flight suit and a blaster on his belt. He is 12" high. #42421/82.95

WALRUS MAN ACTION FIGURE



WALRUS MAN ACTION FIGURE From Man-Eater's Galaxy, Walrus Man is another one of the fighters in the line. He is 12" tall and has a blaster on his belt. He is 12" high. #42422/82.95

POWER DROID ACTION FIGURE



POWER DROID ACTION FIGURE Another of the most popular action figures in the line, the Power Droid action figure is 12" tall and has a blaster on his belt. He is 12" high. #42422/82.95

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STAR WARS

STAR WARS CHARM BRACELET



STAR WARS CHARM BRACELET

This is the official Star Wars charm bracelet. It features three charms that are sure to be a favorite: Luke and Obi-Wan Kenobi, the Imperial Throne, and the X-wing fighter. It is 7" long and 1/2" wide. #42429/82.95

R2D2 & C3PO WATCH



STAR WARS WATCH

This Star Wars watch features a black leather strap and a silver-toned case. It has a black face with white numbers and hands. It is 3 1/2" wide and 1 1/2" high. #42430/82.95

DARTH VADER WATCH



STAR WARS WATCH

This Star Wars watch features a black leather strap and a silver-toned case. It has a black face with white numbers and hands. It is 3 1/2" wide and 1 1/2" high. #42431/82.95

DARTH VADER EARRINGS



DARTH VADER EARRINGS You can get these Star Wars earrings with your choice of gold or silver. They are 1 1/2" wide and 1 1/2" high. #42432/82.95

SPECTACULAR STAR WARS STICK PINS



STAR WARS STICK PINS

These Star Wars stick pins are 3 1/2" long and 1 1/2" wide. They are made of silver and gold. #42433/82.95



SPACESHIP CHAIN & PENDANT

SPACESHIP CHAIN & PENDANT This Star Wars spaceships necklace features a 24" chain with a 1 1/2" wide pendant. The pendant is a spaceships made of silver and gold. #42434/82.95

CHEWBACCA PENDANT & CHAIN



CHEWBACCA PENDANT & CHAIN

These Star Wars spaceships necklace features a 24" chain with a 1 1/2" wide pendant. The pendant is a spaceships made of silver and gold. #42435/82.95

R2D2 PENDANT & CHAIN



R2D2 PENDANT & CHAIN

These Star Wars spaceships necklace features a 24" chain with a 1 1/2" wide pendant. The pendant is a spaceships made of silver and gold. #42436/82.95

DARTH VADER PENDANT & CHAIN



DARTH VADER PENDANT & CHAIN

DARTH VADER PENDANT & CHAIN This Star Wars spaceships necklace features a 24" chain with a 1 1/2" wide pendant. The pendant is a spaceships made of silver and gold. #42437/82.95

C3PO EARRINGS



C3PO EARRINGS Star Wars earrings are 1 1/2" wide and 1 1/2" high. #42438/82.95

CHEWBACCA PENDANT & CHAIN



CHEWBACCA PENDANT & CHAIN

These Star Wars spaceships necklace features a 24" chain with a 1 1/2" wide pendant. The pendant is a spaceships made of silver and gold. #42439/82.95

R2D2 PENDANT & CHAIN



R2D2 PENDANT & CHAIN

These Star Wars spaceships necklace features a 24" chain with a 1 1/2" wide pendant. The pendant is a spaceships made of silver and gold. #42440/82.95

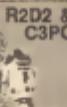
C3PO PENDANT & CHAIN



C3PO PENDANT & CHAIN

C3PO PENDANT & CHAIN This Star Wars spaceships necklace features a 24" chain with a 1 1/2" wide pendant. The pendant is a spaceships made of silver and gold. #42441/82.95

STAR WARS BELT BUCKLES



STAR WARS BELT BUCKLE This belt buckle is 3 1/2" wide and 1 1/2" high. #42442/82.95

STAR WARS BELT BUCKLE This belt buckle is 3 1/2" wide and 1 1/2" high. #42443/82.95

STAR WARS BELT BUCKLE This belt buckle is 3 1/2" wide and 1 1/2" high. #42444/82.95

R2D2 & C3PO BELT BUCKLE This belt buckle is 3 1/2" wide and 1 1/2" high. #42445/82.95

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CREEPY BACK ISSUES



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MORE BACK ISSUES TURN PAGE

NEW STAR WARS SPACE STUFF!

IMPERIAL CRUISER

The Imperial Cruiser of the mad Emperor, who used these deadly ships to terrorize the galaxy with their speed and power. Crafted of diecast metal and high impact plastic with sleek moving parts. Cruiser has sliding cargo doors containing a removable plastic replica of "captured" Princess Leia's Royal Command Ship. (2815/857 88)



Y-WING FIGHTER



MINILUMIN FALCON

Han Solo's Millennium Falcon model, just as it Star Wars crafted in diecast metal and high impact plastic with sleek moving parts such as dish antenna, laser cannon, engine exhaust and retractable landing skids. Comes with transparent cockpit with removable Han Solo and Chewbacca inside. Removable rear battle in outer space! (2815/857 86)

The Y-Wing fighter of the rebel force gains ready to strike in aid. His power in this metal die cast and high impact resistant plastic version. It comes with a clear plastic windshield that has a metal figure of a rebel pilot inside. The laser cannon is swiveling and the rear engine pods are removable. A push button releases a laser beam. It has retractable skids! (2815/857 85)

PATROL DEWB- BACK



**PATROL DEWB-
BACK** This is the giant
desert iguana which was used by the
Imperial Death Troopers as a patrol
mobile weapon with removable legs
and head for anti-infantry. It has a
laser beam and a cockpit. (2815/857 84)

RADIO CONTROLLED R2-D2



Authentically working model of R2-D2
remote control R2-D2 model is controlled by a 2-channel radio
that operates up to 100 feet away.
The model features a 360 degree
panning motion and a 360 degree
tilt movement. R2-D2
moves in any direction
and is controlled by a
radio remote. The
light ports are
operated by a
button on the
remote. The
body is made
of high quality
plastic and
is very durable.
It is a great
toy for any
Star Wars
fan.

STAR WARS ACTION SETS

Reproductions of Famous Star Wars Sets



MOS EISLEY CANTINA A
replica of the Mos Eisley Cantina
with moving door, circular bar, 2 action figures
and 2 seats, rear above with table, menu at the
head and floor prop. (2815/856 95)



LAND OF THE JAWAS A Tatooine des-
ert oasis with a sand dune base that has a
secret doorway, action lever for battles,
with a heating pod and a sand crawler
action figure & moving elements! (2815/856 96)



DROID FACTORY An exciting set from Star
Wars! Tatooine Jawa build droids from 100
interlocking plastic parts. Maneuverable
parts from supply area to assembly to build
to 4 different robots at a time! (2815/856 97)

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